

## PETITION

The coldness doth enclose thee now;  
 Thou art bound fast  
 in evil chains.  
 God's grace can loose thee still.  
 Can no words move?  
 The hour has come for penance, prayer  
 In purple hide,  
 And bend the knee  
 Unto the Cross  
 On the horizon etched;  
 Redemption's in thy grasp.  
 May sorrow enter not  
 Thy hardened heart?  
 The sins of gross humanity  
 On These Shoulders lie—  
 There is yet room.  
 For all did Christ on Calvary die.  
 Hear now His plea.  
 Canst thou not see through Friday's gloom  
 The Easter light of dawn?  
 There is yet time.

—M. J. M. '61

## ALL AGLOW

The snowy flakes fell softly down  
 Covering the little village;  
 Like myriads of crystals and diamonds  
 They set it all aglow.  
 Then the moon shone down  
 From the deep blue sky;  
 And each snowy flake reflected her light:  
 She made it more aglow.  
 This village was silent,  
 Its people asleep,  
 While the heavens and the snow  
 Set all aglow.  
 I passed up the road  
 And came to the Church;  
 Here a flame flickered brightly  
 Here too, all was aglow.  
 A Bethlehem scene I saw,  
 And knelt to say a prayer;  
 I looked, and thought, and realized:  
 This is why all is aglow.

—K. G. F. '60